Here begynneth a treatyse of the smyth whych that forged hym a new dame.



GOd that dyed on a tree
Be glad them al with his gle
That wyll herken vnto me
And here what I wyll say
And ye shall here a maruel
Of a tale I shall you tell
How in Egypt it befell
And in that same countraye
Some tyme ther dwelled a smyth
that had bothe lande and lyth
Many a plowman hym wyth
By nyght and eke by day
the smyth was a subtyll syer
For well could he werke wyth the fyer
what men of hym wolde desyer
I tel you trouth by my fay

BODLEIANA

Smyth. Ii. De

4° C. 39 Art Seld (13)

He coude werke wyth a mall
Many maner of metall
Hym selfe mayster dyd he call
wythouten any pere
Moche boste gan he blowe
And sayd he had no felowe
that coud worke worth a strawe
To hym ferre nor nere
He called hym selfe the kynge
wythout any leasynge
Of all maner of cunnynge
And of certes clere
Tyll it befell vpon a day
Our lorde came there away
And thought the smyth to assay
as ye shall after here
For hys pompe and hys pryde
That he blewe in eche syde
Our lorde thought at that tyde
His pryde should be layed
As the smyth stode worknge
To hym came out heauen kynge
Now he that made all thynge
Spede the he sayde
He sayd I haue a thyng to make
And thou wylt it vnder take
And do for my sake
Thou shalt be well payed
the smyth sayd so mote I the
tell on and let me se
It shalbe done full wyghtely
wythin a lytel yeared

For I am mayster of all
That smyteth wyth hamer or mall
And so may thou me call
I tell the forsoth
I sawe hym neuer wyth myne eye
That could werke lyke I
I tell the full truely
By nyght ne by day
Can thou make a perde of stele
To lede a blynde man wele
Our lorde gan to say
And make it so wyth thy mall
That he shall neuer stomble ne fall
Than a mayster I wyll the call
Syr by my fay
The smyth than in a study stode
Sayde I trowe thou be wode
Or els thou can but litle good
To talke of suche a thynge
And he be blynde he must nede
Haue a felowe hym to lede
That may se well in dede
to kepe hym fro fallynge
For and two blynd me together go
full oft they fall both two
It must nedes be so
they haue no maner of seynge
Howe should a blynde dotarde
walke wyth a blynd parde
If it be stele neuer so harde
It is but a very lealynge
It were a lytell maystry

To make a blynde man to se
Is suche a yerde truely
wythouten any layne
yes sayde our lorde that I can
Make suche yerde certayne
Or he that is an olde man
to make hym yonge agayne
The smyth sayd so mote I the
I haue an olde quayne wyth me
Wyne olde beldame is she
I tell the wythout any layne
It is forty wynter and mo
Syth on fote she dyd go
And thou coud make her yonge se
than wolde I be fayne
Our lorde sayd where is she
Anone let me her se
And thou shalt se a mayster
Wyse than thou can
the smyth sayd so mote I the
I shall her fetche vnto the
Anone than full wyghtely
After her the smyth ranne
And sayd dame slepe ye thou
I am come for the thou mayst me trowe
Thou shalt be made nowe
Agayne a ponge woman
He hent her vp than on hye
Than set she forth a loude cry
And sayd stronge theefe let me ly
Thou art I trowe a madde man
Lette me lye thou vnthryfty lwayne

Nay

She shall be made at a brayd
Yonge now agayne
the smyth blewe as god bed
Tyll she was reed as a gled
yet for all that dede
Felt she no maner of payne
The smith said now is she shet
Bothe her eyen are out brent
they wyl never be ment
Our wyues are all in vayne
She hath had suche a hete
She wyll never eat mete
I haue blowen tyll I swette
Without en any layne
Our lorde sayd let me alone
thou shalt se and that anone
a full fayre woman
Of thys olde wyght
Our lord blessed her at a brayd
and on the flyth he her layd
Take thy hamer he sayd
Dame I shall the wake
and make her now wyght
Wyth a hamer he her strake
No bone of her he brake
She was a byrd bryght
Stand vp now lette me se
Than at that worde rose she
a fayre woman truely
and semely vnto syght
Our lord sayd to the smyth
She is sounde of lymme and lyth

Now

Nowe I haue made her on the styth
wyth hamer and wyth mall
Than was she louelem: of chere
Bright as blosome on bzere
None in Egrpt her pere
So fayze and so tall
Her colour was clere
She semed but thyzty yere
She was whiter of lere
Than bone is of whale
than our lozde gan say
Now is here a fayze may
Smyth by night and by day
thy mayster thou me call
Now mayest thou se here in syght
Hole and of lym lyght
That was befoze an olde wyght
Both croked fote and hande
Gramercy syz sayd she
Foz thou hast wzought on me
It was a full great maystry
As I vnderstande
I was blynde nowe may I se
Croked I was truely
Now may I walke wyghtly
My bales are vnbande
Suche a smyth as thou art one
I dare say here is none
And a man shoulde gone
Thzough out thys land
Foz I dare say that thou can
yf here were a dead man

Wake

Wake hym on lyue anone
with thy excelent mayſtry
Than the ſmyth gan ſay
Syr what ſhall I to the pay
Or thou wende thy way
thy craft to teche me
Our lord ſayd than to him againe
that thou deſyreſt is all in vayne
Thought ȳ woldeſt neuer ſo faine
yet wyl it neuer be
Thou ſhalt neuer yf thou wolde
Wake an yonge man of an olde
Therfore be not to bolde
Leeſt it do diſcreue thee
yet thou toldeſt me longe ere
Thou were wyſeſt man of leere
that was knowen any where
Other farre or elſ nere
Farewell now and haue good day
I muſt forthe wẽde on my iorney
Into an other countrey
Amonge many craftes there
And leue thy boſtes I rede the
For I tell the now treuely
Is none ſo wyſe ne to ſle
But euer ye may ſom what lere

¶ The ſeconde fytte.

Now lysten syrs at a lent
And ye wil nowe my tale tent
How the smith his dame bzet
In the next syt ye shall here
whan our lozde was gone
The smyth rathely and and anone
Called on hys dame Jone
And bad her com on fast
A none she annswered tho
Thou woldest I may not go
wherto cryest thou so
Is thy wytte past
I am croked and alsolame
And now to go it is no shame
age doth me muche grame
Me thynketh my bones brast
Thou woldest well I may no se
almost I am as blynde as a be
And yf I bye me truely
To fall I am agast
The smyth bande on her layd
Come forth dame he sayd
thou shalt be made at a brayd
younge and lusty agayne
thy dame is yonge agayne I wys
She is mynded of her mysse
Her rudde redder it is
Than the rose is in rayne
that is a lyeq uod she
I fayth that wyl neuer be
She is blynde of that one eye
Her bones are vnbayne

The

The smyth sayd lo she is here
the swete dame that the bere
She is lonesome of chere
wythouten any layne
Art thou my mother sayd she
ye sayd she truely
Than sayd she benedicite
who hath made the thus
anone to her gan she say
I was made thus to daye
wyth one that came by the waye
Men call hys name Jesus
Nows truely than sayd she
He hath amended well thy ble
For better day so mote I the
thou were a foule lose
Dame sayd the smyth tho
I can make the ponde so
Had I a fyre brennynge blo
But now thou must helpe vs
than the symth at a brayed
A quarter of coles on he layed
Let vs blowe nowe he sayed
tyl all be on glede
And thou shalt se dame in hy
a crafte for the mastry
Full fewe men can it but I
I tel the trouthe in dede
why what wylt thou do wyth me
Dame dreme the sayd he
Nay not so sayd she
Thryft it for dede

To bzenne me were a bzewde game
wotteſt not thou knaue whome I am
Theſe I am thyne owne dame
Euyll mote thou ſpede
Traytour and thou bzenne me
Thou ſhalt be hanged on a tree
My malyſon I gyue thee
woldeſt thou me ſlo
God let thee neuer eate bzede
Woldeſt thou haue thy dam dede
touche me not I thee rede
Foz bothe thyne eyen two
The fyzſt tyme I thee ſee
I wolde I had bzotled thee
Now thou woldeſt bzenne me
And werke me thys wo
I tell thee by ſweete ſayne John
thou ſhalt haue my malyſon
But thy hamer anone
thou caſt thes ſto
Woche wo haſt thou wzought
I kept the whē thou were nought
Foſtred and fozth the bzought
Full oft dyd I make
Dame ſayd the ſmyth I trowe
Olde chzewe it is foz thy pzowe
that on thys wyſe nowe
yonge I ſhall thee make
Anone ſe that thou ſhall
Had I my hamer and mi mall
I wol de make the full fall
And yonge I vnderfange

He layed hande vnto the
Than she spared not hym so
that his synnes bothe two
In sonder she there brake
Than the vnyth began to slake
And sayd dame god gyue the care
what ayleth the thus to fare
I trowe thou art wode
yonge ful soone I can make thee
And that anone I thou shalt se
I am waxen now full crafty
I tell thee by the rode
Thou spedest now as mat not pay
Thou hast lyen full many a day
By the wall for sothe I the say
And can do no good
Full fast the fyre gan he blow
And sayd be thou neuer so throw
I shal amende the sonne I trow
Of bone and eke of bloud
She sayde syr by sayut Jhone
Of thy mending kepe I none
Therfore let me alone
And touche me no more
yes sayde he that I mote
Come forthe olde dote
She catched hym by the throte
That bloud out gan fote
As he drew her nere
She set her fote agaynst a spere
And sayd thefe wylt thou me dere
God gyue the care

He caſt her on the ſmythes ſtocke
And than ſhe hent hym by the locke
And gaue hym many agreat knocke
She ſpared not the hare
Euer ſhe ſpoyned wyth her fote
In hande a hamer ſhe gate
And knocked hym aboue the pate
the bloud gan out braſt
And ſhe rapped at hym then
Strong theefe ſhe ſayd I ſhal the ken
thyne owne dame for to breme
She bette vpon hym faſt
there ſhe had beine
Stryken out his one eye
though the ſmyth bygge be
Of her he was abaſhed
Stekly on her fete ſhe ſtode
and ſmote on him as ſhe were wode
the ſmyth ranne on reed blode
All to rent and raſhed
the ſmyth atwayd
wolde her in the fyre haue layd
Nay theefe tho ſhe ſayd
yet wyl I not come there
Helpe ſome good man ſayd ſhe
thys theefe wyl breme me
Anone than full myghtely
She caught hym by the heer
Of his lockes gan ſhe pull
Many great handful
Rent the ſkyn from the ſkull
The pan gan appeare

She

She sayd theke lette me go
wyll thou thy dame slo
Loude out cryed she tho
That many a man myght here
the smyth than in hast
water on the coles cast
The fyre he blewe full fast
and made it brenne full bryght
The smyth angred wyth that
Cast her in the fyre flat
Ill way fall gan she crat
at hym wyth all her myght
Into the fyre he her thrast
and sayd I holde thy wytte past
Olde throwe at the last
Thou shalt be newe dyght
whā he had smoged her in ỹ smok
Out of the fyre he her tobe
She had none eyen for to loke
For lost was her syght
He laide her on the stythe a longe
and wyth an hamer he on throng
that both her armes of thronge
Than waxed he fayne
and sayd so euer eate I meate
thou shalt haue a better heate
Mo coles gan he gete
To blowe he was full fayne
the fyre sparkeled and sprange
He cast on water some tymes amonge
and said yet I hope to make the gonge
wythout any layne

Smyth. Than

Than he heut her vp on hy
And layed her on the strethy
And hamered her strongely
with strokes that were vngayne
Fast on her he layed
Waxe yong dame he sayd
than bothe her legges at a brayd
Feil sone her tro
what euyll payse sayd he
wylt not thou yonge be
Speke now let me se
And say ones so
Than he toke her by the hed
And sayd dame art thou deed
Speke now in thys steed
And say ye oz els nay
Though both thy legges be away
yet speke pardy thou may
Say on dame I the pray
Feleste thou any wo
Dame I haue sore on the
Woche labour trudely
Now and thou dead be
So sayze must me be fall
Loud on her he can cry
And sayde dame speke on hyz
Oz by my trouth truely
Wzenne thee by I will
what canst thou nethyng say
I holde your dees by cokes day
Her armes aboue he thze in away
Euen agaynst the wall

After Jesu fast he ran
As he had ben a madde man
And full fast can hym call
And sayd for sayat charyte
Abyde nowe and speke wyth me
But thou me helpe truely
My cares are full colde
My owne dame I have slayne
I wolde have made her youge agayne
all my laboure was in vayne
Her legges wolde not holde
Our lorde sayd verament
Hast thou thy dame brent
He sayd lorde she is brent
But yf thou helpe wolde
Our lorde sayd go we full fare
Yet I bad the longe care
Of suche craft to be ware
And be not to bolde
A good lorde sayd he
I crye the hartely mercy
I wolde have wrought after the
and learned of thy lore
Sayd our lorde go thy way
Now thou doest me pray
I shall helpe that I maye
Her for to restore
A none as he her se
He blessed her full fayrely
And bad her stande upon hy
A none she rose up thereby

Dyd lerne playnge and ryde and glyde
Bzyght as blossoms her to beholde
Fayzer by a thousandfolde
Than she was before
She was whyte as a bone of whale
Bzyghter than herall
Than to the earth gan she fall
And thanked god intere
The smyth had good game
And fetched forth hys beldame
Than they all thre in same
Kneled there in fere
And helde vp theyz handes on hy
And thanked god wyth all theyz mygh
That he had them so bygh
And mended theyz chere
Our lozde sayd to the smyth tho
Loke thou bzenne neuermo
Foz this craft I shall tel the
Can thou neuer lere
But here a poynt I geue the
The mayster shalt thou yet be
Of all thy craft truely
Wythout any delay
What man of craft so euer he
And he haue no helpe of the
Thoughe he be neuer so
warke not he may
Than our lozde forth went
And bad the smyth be good ernest
That he no me forbzenne
By nyght noz yet by day

Oure

Our lorde thus forth gan go
And left them togyther so
and dyd many a meruayle mo
In dyuers countreis
He made many a croked tyght
And gaue blynd men agayne theyr syght
Dead men thrughe hys myght
He rayled full sone agayne
Leprous made he clere
Dese men for to here
and other sycknesses in fere
He heled them certayne
all sycke men that to hym sought
and to hym that were brought
and loued lely in theyr thought
And were losed of theyr payne
Pray we all to hym thys
That suche a lordy is
That he brynge vs to blys
That neuer shall mys. Amen.

*Thus endeth the game
How the smyth brent hys dame
and after made agayne
By our blessed lord

FINIS.

Imprynted at London in Lothbury ouer a
gaynst Saynct Margarites church by me
Wyllyam Copland.